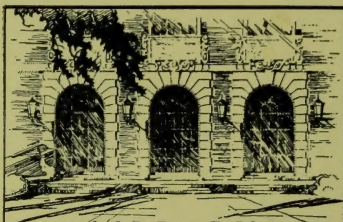


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THE FAMOUS VICTORIES  
OF  
HENRY THE FIFTH.

*THE EARLIEST KNOWN QUARTO,*

1598,

A FACSIMILE IN FOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

(FROM THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

P. A. DANIEL.

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LONDON:

PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,  
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.

1887. 2

**40 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,**  
 WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &c., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,  
 ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>No.</i><br/>         1. Hamlet. 1603.<br/>         2. Hamlet. 1604.<br/>         3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)<br/>         4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)<br/>         5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.<br/>         6. Merry Wives. 1602.<br/>         7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)<br/>         8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.</p> | <p><i>No.</i><br/>         9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.<br/>         10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.<br/>         11. Richard III. 1597.<br/>         12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.<br/>         13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609.<br/>         17. Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (on stone.)</p> |
|--|--|

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600.<br/>         15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594.<br/>         16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Heyes.)<br/>         18. Richard II. 1597. Mr. Huth. (on stone.)<br/>         19. Richard II. 1608. (fotograf.)<br/>         20. Richard II. 1634. (fotograf.)<br/>         21. Pericles. 1609. Qr.<br/>         22. Pericles. 1609. Qz.<br/>         23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.)<br/>         24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)<br/>         25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.<br/>         26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599.<br/>         27. Henry V. 1600.<br/>         28. Henry V. 1608.</p> | <p>29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.<br/>         30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.<br/>         31. Othello. 1622.<br/>         32. Othello. 1630.<br/>         33. King Lear. 1608. Qr. (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull</i>.)<br/>         34. King Lear. 1608. Qz. (N. Butter.)<br/>         35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594.<br/>         36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated.<br/>         37. Contention. 1594. (For 2 Henry VI.) (on stone.)<br/>         38. True Tragedy. 1595. (For 3 Henry VI.) (fotograf.)<br/>         39. The Famous Victories. 1598.<br/>         40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: not yet done.)</p> |
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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN including this Play in the series of *Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles* it is not, of course, intended to attribute its authorship to William Shakspeare; nor is it included merely because it shadows forth the same series of historic events which he dramatized in his superb trilogy of *Henry the Fourth and Fifth*—that would almost necessarily be the case with any plays treating of the same period of history—its great Shakspearian interest is in the fact that it also offers us what seems to be the germ of the brilliant *comedy* with which Shakspeare enriched the *history*; and accordingly in this poor play we follow the fortunes of the royal hero and the “irregular humourists” his companions, from the scene of the robbery on Gadshill to the final scene of the wooing of fair Katherine of France, with something of the interest a biologist may be supposed to feel in tracing the progress of some low organism to its latest development as a perfect creature; indeed the distance which separates say the Oldcastle of this play and the Falstaff of Shakspeare is about as great; but we nevertheless feel that the two are connected, and that *The Famous Victories* gave the hint for *Henry the Fourth and Fifth*.

It may therefore well claim a place in this series, while its great rarity, and its interest as a specimen of the pre-Shakspearian drama, will be sure to secure for it a hearty welcome.

The earliest direct mention we have of the Play is in the Stationers' Registers, where, on the 14th May, 1594, it is entered to Thomas Creede as “a booke intituled/ *The famous victories of HENRYE the FFYFTH/ conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt/*” (Arber's Transcript, II. 648.)

It was then, in all probability, printed; but no earlier edition is known than that of 1598, and of that edition a single copy only—now in the Bodleian Library—has come down to us: it is here reproduced in Facsimile.

The title-page of this 1598 ed. makes no mention of any previous publication; but as it professes to give the play “As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players,” and as that Company had then long ceased to exist, it may be conjectured to be a mere reprint of a precedent title.

In 1616 Creede, whose copyright this play was, was joined by Bernard Alsop, and in this year their names appear together as the printers of several books—Alsop's for the first time, Creede's for the last. Creede it may be presumed disposed of his business to Alsop in this year.

Next year, 1617, Alsop brought out a new edition of *The Famous Victories*, some copies of which have the following title-page:—

“The | Famous Vic- | tories of Henry | The fifth. | Containing  
| the Honourable Battell of | Agin-Covrt. | As it was Acted by the  
Kinges Maiesties | Seruants. | [Ornament] | London, | Imprinted  
by Barnard Alsop, and are to be sold by | Tymothie Barlow, at his  
shop in Paules Church- | yard, at the Signe of the Bull-head. |  
1617.”

Other copies differ from this in the imprint, which is merely:—

“London | Imprinted by Barnard Alsop, dwelling | in Garter  
place in Barbican. | 1617.”

Copies of both are in the British Museum: Press mark of the first, C. 34. l. 10.; of the second, C. 34. l. 9.

The text of the Play in both is printed from the same forms, and is identical, except that for the copy having Barlow's name on the title the pages of the inner form of sheet E were misplaced in the press, with the result that the eight pages of this sheet are printed in the following order:—1, 6, 7, 4, 5, 2, 3, 8.

Steevens in the Preliminary Remarks to *Henry V.* (*Var.*, 1821, Vol. XVII., p. 249) says of this play:—

“I have two copies of it in my possession; one without date, (which seems much the elder of the two,) and another, (apparently printed from it,) dated 1617, though printed by Bernard Alsop, (who was printer of the other edition,) and sold by the same person, and at the same place. Alsop appears to have been a printer before the year 1600,” etc.

Steevens is of course quite wrong as regards Alsop, who did not take up his freedom till the 7th Feb., 1610, and probably worked as a journeyman until 1616, when he joined Creede. Barlow, again, did not take up his freedom till the 19th June, 1615. If therefore the “undated” Alsop-Barlow edition was really much the elder, the only way to account for it would be, to suppose that Alsop had got hold of some unsold remainders of Creede's stock, and putting to them a new title-page, passed them off as an edition of his own—a trick of the trade not unknown to nor unpractised by smart publishers at the present day. But I incline to think that Steevens was mistaken with regard to the book, as he certainly was with regard to the printer, and that his “undated” copy was merely a

copy of the 1617 ed. with the date cut off by the binder; for the reprint of the Alsop-Barlow ed. given in Nichols's *Six Old Plays* (a publication undertaken at Steevens's recommendation, and for which he probably supplied the copy) is without date, and I cannot find that it differs in any way, except in the absence of date, from the 1617 edition.\* Like most modern reprints, however, Nichols's, not being given line for line and page for page, is of little value for bibliographical purposes, and the literary questions dependent thereon.

It will be noticed that on the title of the 1617 ed. the play is said to be given "As it was Acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruants": I suspect that Alsop alone is responsible for this statement, and it is charitable to suppose that, with a king on the throne, he considered the change from the "Queenes Maiesties Players" of Creede's title merely a legitimate correction: it is difficult to believe that the king's company, now long in the possession of Shakespeare's *Henry IV and V*, would have retained this poor stuff in their repertoire.

On the fly-leaf of the original of our facsimile are the following MS. notes written apparently at different times by Malone, to whom the book formerly belonged:—

"This play was [first] produced at the Rose theatre on the 28th Nov. 1595. See Henslowe's very curious theatrical Register. It was then the property of the Lord Admiral's Servants (Alleyn's Company), and seems afterwards to have been transferred to the Queen's Servants.

E. M.

I have never seen, nor heard of another copy, of this date. It was reprinted in 1617.

It was originally produced on the stage about the year 1585, or at least some time between that and 1589, for Tarleton the comedian acted the part of the Chief Justice, and he died in Sept. 1588."

This last date has been substituted for "1589," which is blotted out; and in the first line of these notes the word "first," which I have placed in brackets, has been struck through.

It is almost needless to say that these notes were written on insufficient information. The entry in Henslowe's Diary referred to in the first note is thus given by Mr. Collier in his edition published for the *Shakespeare Society*, 1845, p. 61:—

"28 of novmbr 1595, ne R<sup>d</sup> at harey the v iij<sup>h</sup> vj<sup>h</sup>"

\* Or it may have been a really undated copy of the 1617 ed.; some titles having been printed off before the absence of the date was discovered. That accidents of this kind occasionally occurred is shown by the title of the 1636 ed. of the old play of *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe* which has recently come under my notice. Some copies of this edition were issued without the date, and there can be no manner of doubt that, with this exception, both the undated and dated copies are absolutely identical.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in his *Outlines*, etc. (6th ed., Vol. II. p. 330) gives it thus :—

"The 28 of Novmbr, 1595, n. e., R. at Harey the v, iij. li. vj.s."

The letters *n e* are understood to be Henslowe's sign for *new enterlude*.

It is obvious that this New enterlude or Play could not have been *The Famous Victories* entered to Creede on the 14th May, 1594; nor could it have been transferred to the Queen's Servants, that Company being no longer in existence. Nothing more of this "Harey the V" is known, except that Henslowe records its performance at sundry times between the 28th Nov., 1595 and 15th July, 1596.\*

Malone's note on Tarleton's performance of the part of the Chief Justice in *The Famous Victories* is founded on one of the stories given in the second part of 'Tarleton's Jests,' entered in the Stationers' Registers, 4th August, 1600; though no earlier edition of the book is known than that of 1611. I quote it from the Shakespeare Society's reprint, edited by Mr. Halliwell, 1844, p. 24 :—

"An excellent jest of Tarlton suddenly spoken.

At the Bull at Bishops-gate was a play of Henry the fift, wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his owne part of the clowne: and Knel, then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound boxe indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he, but anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes clothes comes out, and asks the actors what newes: O saith one hadst thou been here, thou shouldest have seene Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the eare: What, man, said Tarlton, strike a judge? It is true, yfaith, said the other. No other like, said Tarlton, and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me, that me thinkes the blowe remains still on my cheeke, that it burnes againe. The people laught at this mightily: and to this day I have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell, for he had many of these. But I would see our clowns in these dayes do the like: no, I warrant ye, and yet they thinke well of themselves to."

\* Mr. Collier in his note on this entry does indeed remark that—"It is possible that it was Shakespeare's *Henry V.*, founded upon *The Famous Victories*;" but I believe he never afterwards referred to this conjecture as being either possible or probable: it is certainly neither one nor the other. Mr. F. G. Fleay has, however, suggested to me that this 1595 *Harey the V.* may have been a rifacimento of *The Famous Victories*, and a possible link between it and the Shakespeare series: he has pointed out to me that several Queen's Company's plays did come into Henslowe's possession on the partial breaking up of that Company in 1591-2—such as Greene's *Orlando*, *Friar Bacon*, etc.—and were entered in the Stationers' Registers and printed in 1594, on the final retirement of the Queen's Company in that year. *The Famous Victories* may have been among these, and its re-vamping in 1595 may have entitled it, in Henslowe's estimation, to be called a *New Enterlude*.

A complete absence of anything like point, wit, or humour is the chief characteristic of this collection of 'Jests,' and the above may be taken as an instance of the author's method of marring a curious tale in telling it; for it was physically impossible for Tarleton to double the parts of Derrick and the Chief Justice in a scene in which both appeared\* (see sc. iv. of Facsimile); nevertheless it seems probable that the *Henry the Fifth* play here mentioned was our *Famous Victories*: Tarleton was from the first a member of the Queen's Company, which was formed in 1583, and *The Famous Victories*, if we may believe the title-page, was a Queen's Company's Play. He died 3 Sept., 1588; and the inference therefore is that *The Famous Victories* was produced within the period included by these two dates. Of Knell, who played the part of the Prince, though the name is known as that of a distinguished actor, nothing is known which would enable us to fix a more precise date for the play.

Another supposed reference to our play is found in Nashe's *Pierce Peniless* (1592), where, in lashing those "shallow-brayned censurers," "collians" and "club-fisted usurers" who objected to plays, he says of them:—

"Al arts to them are vanitie: and, if you tell them what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin sweare fealtie, I, but (will they say), what doo we get by it?" etc. (p. 60, Sh. Soc., ed. Collier, 1842.)

This may probably refer to the last scene of *The Famous Victories*, where Harry swears Burgundy and the Dolphin on his sword to be true to him.

Here, as errors cannot be too frequently corrected, I may note that the late Mr. Collier in his extremely valuable edition of *Henslowe's Diary*, printed for the Shakespeare Society, 1845, gives on page 26 the following entry:—

"Rd at harey the Vth, the 14 of maye 1592 . . . 1"

On this he notes that—"Malone takes no notice of this play, which at least was the same in subject as Shakespeare's work. Possibly he read it 'Harey the VI.,' but it is clearly 'Harey the Vth.' This is the piece to which Nash alluded in his *Pierce Penniless*, published in 1592; and 'The famous Victories of Henry V.' was entered at Stationers' Hall to be printed in 1594. Malone was not aware that any such historical drama was mentioned by Henslowe."

\* \* Yet Malone would seem to have thought it possible, for in the notes at the end of *1 Henry IV.*, Vol. XVI. p. 414, *Var.*, 1821, he remarks that Tarleton "was much admired in the parts both of the *Clown* and the *Chief Justice*."

The previous and subsequent entries in the Diary of the performances of "harey the vj" might have been sufficient to warn Mr. Collier that he was in error in reading the entry of the 14th May, 1592, as 'harey the vth'; but Dr. Furnivall has set the matter beyond doubt: he examined the original MS. at Dulwich, and in a note to his Introduction to the *Leopold Shakspeare*, p. liv, he tells us that the entry "is as plainly 'harey the 6th' as ever it can be." "I showd," says he, "the entry to Dr. Carver, the Master of the College, on the 31st Jan., 1874, and he said '6th. No doubt about it.'"

Mr. Collier then must have been deceived by the copy of the MS. which was supplied to him for the Shakespeare Society's publication, for the text of which, it afterwards appeared, he was not responsible, but only for the notes he wrote commenting on the several entries. However this may be, it is at any rate satisfactory to have this error cleared away from the little that is known of the history of *The Famous Victories*.

The 1598 edition of the play was reprinted (with some lapses), for the first time I believe, in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's edition of *Shakspeare's Library*, 1875, Part II. Vol. I. An undated copy of the 1617 edition is reprinted in Nichols's *Six Old Plays*, 1779.

The variations of the later edition are not great and for the most part accidental: I give a list of all such as are worth noting.

- |                |  |  |
|----------------|--|--|
| Sc. i. l. 47—  | looke] om. Q2.   |  |
| „ l. 64—       | robd] om. Q2.  |  |
| „ l. 65—       | were of them] were there of them Q2.   |  |
| Sc. ii. l. 8—  | lanes] lane Q2.  |  |
| „ l. 14—       | met] meet Q2.  |  |
| „ l. 32—       | ailst] aylest Q2.  |  |
| Sc. iv. l. 30— | rase] race Q2.   |  |
| „ l. 58—       | Der.] speech given to Jud. Q2.   |  |
| „ l. 66—       | Well my Lord,] Well my Lord once againe, Q2.                                     |  |
| „ l. 66, 7—    | my man] him Q2.  |  |
| „ l. 68, 9—    | the law must passe on him,<br>According to iustice, then<br>he must be executed. | } according to law and justice he must be hangd. Q2. |

[Mem. It will be noticed in this Sc. iv. that the three speeches comprised in lines 64-69 of Q1 are little more than a repetition of the three speeches comprised in the preceding lines 58-63: the readings of Q2 here noted seem to have been made for the purpose of giving variety to what in Q1 I take to be a mere accidental repetition.]

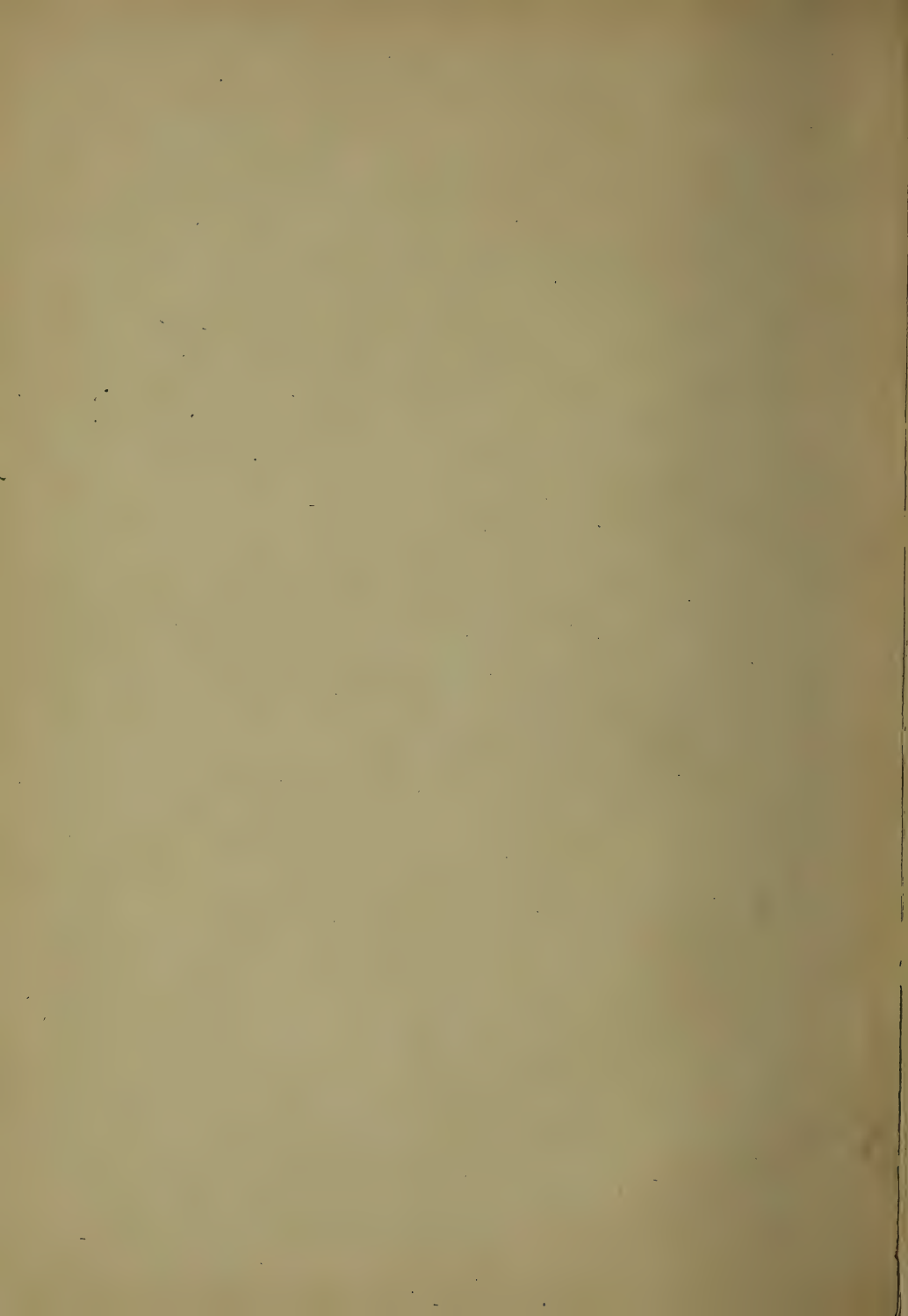
- |                |                              |
|----------------|------------------------------|
| Sc. vi. l. 27— | a bout] about Q2.            |
| „ l. 133, 4—   | company] companions Q2.      |
| Sc. vii. l. 2— | thinke ile] think it ile Q2. |
| „ l. 4—        | Do D.] DOD. Q2.              |

- Sc. ix. l. 51— *saist]* *sayest* Q2.  
 „ l. 71— *inough]* om. Q2.  
 „ l. 86— *And And]* *And* Q2.  
 „ l. 94— *My Lord . . . France.]* om. Q2.  
 „ l. 110— *Into]* *unto* Q2.  
 „ l. 179— *it it]* *if it* Q2.  
 „ l. 192— *haue]* *hath* Q2.  
 Sc. x. l. 1— *there's]* *there is* Q2.  
 „ l. 11— *to]* *for to* Q2.  
 „ l. 28— *here he shakes her.]* As a stage-direction, in Italic. Q2.  
 Sc. xi. l. 55— *all]* om. Q2.  
 Sc. xii. l. 32— *saist]* *sayest* Q2.  
 Sc. xiii. l. 11— *thou]* *you* Q2.  
 „ l. 42— *Why, who]* *Who* Q2.  
 Sc. xiv. l. 18— *or a]* *or an* Q2.  
 „ l. 53— *maist]* *mayest* Q2.  
 „ l. 68— *is it]* *it is* Q2.  
 Sc. xv. l. 10— *Maiesties]* *Majestie* Q2.  
 Sc. xviii. l. 6— *it you]* *your* Q 2.  
 „ l. 83— *you]* *your Grace* Q2.  
 Sc. xix. l. 58— *knowst]* *knowest* Q2.

There is no division of the play into acts and scenes in the 1617 ed. any more than in that from which our Facsimile is made. For convenience of reference I have divided it into twenty consecutive scenes, numbering the lines of each scene separately; stage-directions, entries, and exits not counted.

P. A. DANIEL.

March 1, 1887.





ROMEO AND JULIET, UNDATED QUARTO.

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CORRECTIONS.

p. 5, l. 101, *read* hands

p. 8, l. 195, *dele* † on inner margin.

p. 84, l. 193, *read* to ward

Affix † to the following lines :

p. 4, l. 32.

p. 8, l. 155.

p. 9, l. 224.

p. 9, l. 233. Pers.

p. 15, l. 23. Pers.

p. 20, l. 83.

p. 23, l. 12.

p. 23, l. 28.

p. 29, l. 2.

p. 29, l. 9.

p. 30, l. 26.

p. 33, l. 35.

p. 36, l. 191.

p. 37, l. 11.

p. 38, l. 43.

p. 40, l. 23.

p. 42, l. 75.

p. 43, l. 92.

p. 43, l. 115.

p. 46, l. 189. Pers.

p. 46, l. 13.

p. 56, l. 23.

p. 59, l. 105.

p. 62, l. 217.

p. 66, l. 121.

p. 69, l. 49.

p. 71, l. 9.

p. 71, l. 15.

p. 73, l. 100. Stg. dir.

p. 77, l. 76.

p. 79, l. 22.

p. 83, l. 163.

p. 83, l. 176.

p. 85, l. 232.



## POSTSCRIPT.

IN justice to the University Press, Oxford, at which this Facsimile has been produced, it should be stated that the few defects which mar its general excellence are entirely due to the damaged condition of the unique original.

These defects are:—

Title-page: The word THE at the top of page almost entirely cut away.

Running-title completely cut away throughout the greater part of the book; only on the first few pages is there sufficient left to show that it was originally 'The famous victories | of Henry the fifth.'

Leaf D 1, torn and imperfectly mended, resulting in the injury on page 25 of lines 5 and 6 of Sc. ix. and on page 26 of line 37 and the entrance line immediately following it.

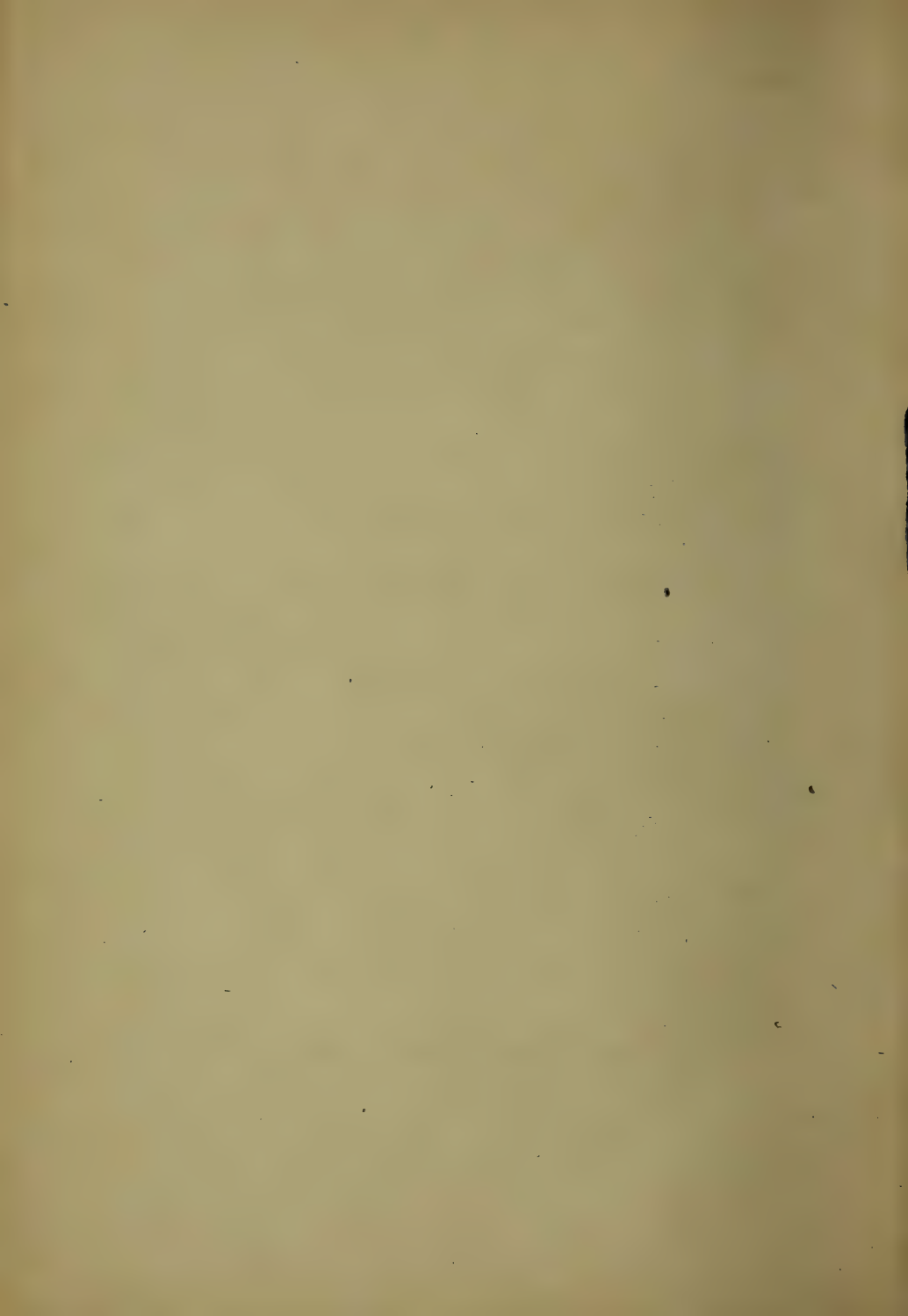
Leaf D 3, torn and imperfectly mended, resulting in the injury on page 29 of the last three words of line 146 and on page 30 of words in lines 177 to 181.

The damaged passages are, however, decipherable.

Leaf G 2, page 51, the bottom corner torn away and the catch-word injured. It was either *Fren.* or *French.*

P. A. DANIEL.

July 23, 1887.



FAMOUS VICTORIES OF HENRY THE FIFTH:

Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court:

As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players.



LONDON Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.





# The Famous Victories

of Henry the fifth, Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agin-court.

*Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

Henry the fifth.

Sc. I.

**C**ome away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr.5. Come away my Lads :

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got ?

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got fīue hundzed pound.

Hen.5. But tell me Tom, how niuch hast thou got ?

Tom. Faith my Lord, some foure hundzed pound.

Hen.5. Foure hundzed pounds, bzauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part of me to rob my fathers Receiuers ?

Ned. Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen.5. Faith Ned thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we ?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen.5. But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-castle Comes not away : Sounds see where he comes.

*Enters Iockey.*

How now Iockey, what newes with thee ?

Iockey. Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth, For the Towne of Detfort is risen,

A 2

With

## THE FAMOUS VILAINES

20

With hue and crie after your man,  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robb a poore Carrier.

24

Hen. 5. Solunes, the vilaine that was wont to spie  
Out our booties.

Lock. I my Lord, euen the very same.

28

Hen. 5. How base minded rascal to rob a poore carrier,  
Which it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life :

I, I may: but tel me Lockey, wherabout be the Receiuers?

Loc. Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote,  
So we may escape them.

32

Hen. 5. Well, I the vilaines come, let me alone with  
them.

But tel me Lockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?

36

For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines  
So beland me about the shoulders,  
As I shal feele it this moneth.

Lock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.

40

Hen. 5. A hundred pound, now brauely spoken Lockey:

But come sirs, laie al your money before me,

Now by heauen here is a braue shewe :

But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe

Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,

44

Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

Enters two Receiuers.

One. Alas good fellow, what shal we do?

I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd.

But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doe?

48

Hen. 5. How now you vilaines, what are you?

One Recci. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Why how now you rascals, why speake you not?

52

One. Forsooth we be. Pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Solons, vilains speak, or ile cut off your heads.

Other.



O T T O M M Y T T O M M M .

Other. Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.

One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

Hen. 7. Are you my fathers Receiuers?

Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

One. Honey, Alas sir we be robb.

Hen. 5. Robb, how many were there of them?

One. Harry sir, there were foure of them:

And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,  
And your blacke Pag.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey?  
Blod you vilaines: my father robb of his money abroad,  
And we robb in our stables.

But tell me, how many were of them?

One recei. If it please you, there were foure of them,  
And there was one about the bignesse of you:  
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,  
That he wil feele it this month.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds you land them fairerly,  
So that they haue carried away your money.  
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

Both recei. I beseech your grace, be good to vs.

Ned. I pray you my Lord forgive them this once,  
Well stand by and get you gone,  
And loke that you speake not a word of it,  
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.

Exit Pursuant.

Hen. 5. How sirs, how like you this?  
Was not this brauely done?  
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,  
I haue so feared them with words,  
How whither shall we goe?

All. Why my Lord, you know our old hostes  
At Feuersham.

Hen. 5. Our hostes at Feuersham, blod what shal we do  
We haue a thousand pound about vs, (there?)

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Sc. I.

## THE FAMOUS VICTORIES

88

And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house,  
 Do, no: you know the olde Lauerne in Castcheape,  
 There is good wine: besides, there is a pretie wench  
 That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tonges,  
 As any part about them.

92

All. We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

96

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds wait, we will go alongither,  
 We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King  
 My father were dead, we would be all Kings,  
 Therefore come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence  
 Coftermonger.

Sc. II.

John Cob. All is well here, all is well maisters.

4

Robin. How say you neighbour John Cobler?  
 I thinke it best that my neighbour  
 Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,  
 And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward,  
 How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this?

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Robin. Harry well neighbours:  
 I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end,  
 But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,  
 Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,  
 I will come to you.

Exit Robin.

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Law. Neighbour, what netoes heare you of y<sup>e</sup> young Prince:

John. Harry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward yong  
 For if he met any by the hie way, (Prince,  
 He will not let to talke with him,

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I dare not call him thæse, but sure he is one of these taking  
 (fellowes.

Law. Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as liuely  
 A yong Prince as euer was.

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John. I, and I heare say, if he ble it long,  
 His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

ACT THE SECOND.

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,  
If you will, we will sit down,  
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Harry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rousing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,  
And such ado in the strates?

Ambo. How now neighboz, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why what ailst thou? here is no horses.

Dericke. O alas man, I am robb, who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him neighboz Cobler.

Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, solwnes maisters,

Do Clownes go in slike apparell?

I am sure all the gentlemen Clownes in Kent skant go so

Well: Solwnes you know clownes very well:

Heare you, are you maister Constable, and you be speake?

For I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith I am not maister Constable,  
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well, you are one of his healtly officers,

John. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest  
fellow, and we are poze men, and now tis night:

And

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## THE FAMOUS VILLAINS

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And we would be loth to haue any thing adou,  
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

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Der. First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow,  
And a proper handsome fellow too,  
And you seeme to be poore men, therfoze I care not greatly,  
Say, I am quickly pacified:  
But and you chance to spie the theefe,  
I pray you laie hold on him.

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Robin. Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

Der. 'Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaues  
As, now I haue forgiven him.

64

Iohn. Neighboz do ye looke about you?  
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the  
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

68

Der. Whope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?  
Theef. I know thee for an Ass.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,  
Upon Gads hill in Kent:  
A bots light vpon ye.

72

Theef. The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

Der. Waiters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,  
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

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Iohn. My friend, what make you abroad now?  
It is too late to walke now.

Theef. It is not too late for true men to walke.

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

80

Theef. Why what do you meane to do with me?  
Solmes I am one of the kings liege people.

Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theef. I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

84

Der. Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him alway. (people.)

Theef. Why what haue I done?

Robin.

Robin. Thou hast robb a poore fellow,  
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer sawe him before.

Der. Bailsters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroad  
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue bene at the Counter,  
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres ago, there came  
the young Prince, and thre or foure more of his compani-  
ons, and called for wine good stoze, and then they sent for a  
noyle of Musicians, and were very merry for the space of  
an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or  
whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot  
tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew  
their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and  
some toke one part, & some toke another, but for the space  
of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth,  
and none coulde part them vntill such time as the Maior,  
and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much  
adw, they toke them, and so the yong Prince was carried  
to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came  
a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the King, for  
my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I  
know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeede Robert.

Law. Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede,  
I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe  
first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there  
to remaine till the Sessions day,

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Sc. II.

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Theef. When I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. Nay thou must go to þ country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

124

Theef. I praye thee be good to me honest fellow.

Der. I marry will I, ite be verie charitable to thee, for I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes.

Sc. III.

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of E: eter, and the Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, here is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maie-

K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence. (Aie.

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

4

How my good Lord Maior of London,

The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

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Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

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King Hen. 4. O: else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing moze affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull indgement.

Maior. Then I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, the any anger.

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K. Hen. 4. Go to, say on.

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Maior. When if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and thre of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Galtcheape, and whether it was that their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouer-

and

and into the streets they went, and some took my Lord the young Princes part, and some took the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neither watchmē nor any other could stay thē, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much ado we staid them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your loving subjects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would doe iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answer.

Hen. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answer.

Exit Maior.

Hen. 4. Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry, That hath gotten a sonne, which with graue Will end his fathers dayes.

O my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed, And to deserue imprisonment, And well haue they done, and like faithfull subjects: Discharge them and let them go.

L. Ex. I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the young Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Ox. Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue bene too precise in this matter.

Hen. 4. No: they haue done like faithfull subjects: I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

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Iudge.

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Judge. Jaylor bring the prisoner to the barre.

Der. Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

Judge. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord.

Judge. Clarke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Clarke. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne befoze I came here, And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge. I, I thinke so, but we will know it better befoze thou go.

Der. Solones and you do but send to the next Jaile, We are sure to know his name,

Foz this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant

Clarke. What is thy name? (you.

Theef. What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.

Clarke. Is not thy name Curbert Cutiere?

Theefe. What the Diuell need you ask, and know it so well.

Clarke. Why then Curbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Curbert Cutter, for robbing a poze carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poze Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

Der. Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packs, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Wesse with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.

Judge. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be triu'd?

Theefe



Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe  
whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen. 5. Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain,  
what make you heere? I must goe about my businesse my  
selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will  
not let me goe.

Hen. 5. Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my  
Lord?

Iudge. I am glad to see your grace in good health.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, this is my man,  
Tis maruell you knew him not long befoze this,  
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Iudge. Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknow-  
ledging him to be your man.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, what hath he done? (Carrier.

Iud. And it please your Maieitie, he hath robbed a poze

Der. Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke,  
Godman Hobblings man of Kent.

Hen. 5. What wast you batten-byeche?  
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.

Der. Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folke  
in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with  
my man?

Iudg. And please your grace, the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Der. Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality  
to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my  
man?

Iudg. And please your grace the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

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Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man?  
Iudge. I am sozrie that it falles out so.

72 Hen. 5. Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

Iud. And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong  
Princke, our King that shall be after the decease of our soue-  
raigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt  
76 long to raigne.

Hen. 5. You say true my Lord:  
And you will hang my man.

Iudge. And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.

80 Hen. 5. Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

Iudge. I cannot my Lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him go?

Iud. I am sozrie that his case is so ill.

84 Hen. 5. Tush, case me no casings, shall I haue my man?

Iudge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Hen. 5. Nay, and I shall not say, & then I am answered?

Iudge. No.

88 Hen. 5. No: then I will haue him.

He giueth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned. Gogs wounts my Lord, shall I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. No, I charge you draw not your swords,  
92 But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Poulitians,  
Away, be gone.

Exeunt the Theefe.

Iudge. Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your  
hands.

Hen. 5. Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

96 Iudge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Hen. 5. You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Iudge. Your Grace hath said truth, therfoze in striking  
100 me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely,  
but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place  
I do represent. And therfoze to teach you what preroga-  
tiues

times meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill we haue  
spoken with your father.

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to send me to the  
Fléete?

Iudge. I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

Exeunt Hen. 5. with the Officers.

Iudge. Tayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,  
vntil the next Sises.

Iay. At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.

Der. Solownds maisters, heres adoe,  
When Princes must go to prison:

Why Iohn, didst euer see the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. (ler,

Der. Why Iohn thou maist see what princes be in chole  
A Iudge a bore on the eare, He tel thee Iohn, O Iohn,  
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. No no? I, there had bene no way but one with  
We should haue bene hangde. (vs,

Der. Faith Iohn, He tel thee what, thou shalt be my  
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,  
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a bore on the eare,  
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues  
Peane, I commit you to the Fléete.

Iohn. Come on, He be your Iudge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare?  
How say you, shall I not haue my man?

Iohn. No marry shall you not,

Der.

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Sc. V.

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Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

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Der. Why then take you that till moze come,  
Solunes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand,  
But I pray you, who am I?

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Der. Who art thou, Solundes, dost not know thy selfe?

Iohn. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow,  
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

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Iohn. No, I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, Haste thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean  
I commit you to the Fléete.

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Der. Well I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,  
Exit. And straight enters again. (He course you.

Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown  
weart thou, to let me hit thee a boy on the eare, and now  
thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that  
thou art one of these Wozenday Clownes.

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Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no moze a Carrier.

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Iohn. What wilt thou do then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alaske I am not able to kéepe thee,  
Why thou wilt eate me out of dozes.

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Der. Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great flou-  
ching fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and  
bzeiues, alaske a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken,  
oz a Capons legge, oz any such litle thing serues me.

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Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a  
yeare, except it be at Chyistmas, at some other mans house,  
so, we Coblers be glad of a dish of wotes.

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Der. Wotes, why are you so good at rooing?  
Say Cobler, wéele haue you ringde.

John But Dericke, though we be so poore,  
 Yet will we haue in stozz a crab in the fire,  
 With nut-browne Ale, that is full scale,  
 Which wil a man qualls, and laie in the mire.

Der. A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,  
 Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

Exeunt.

Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,  
 Didst thou not see what a bore on the eare  
 I toke my Lord chiefe Justice?

Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to see it,  
 It made his teeth iarre in his head.

Enter sir John Old-Castle.

Hen.5. How now sir John Old-Castle,  
 What newes with you?

Ioh.Old. I am glad to see your grace at libertie,  
 I was come I, to visit you in prison.

Hen.5. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a  
 Princes son, why tis inough for me to looke into a prison,  
 though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adow now a  
 dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the  
 diuel and all: but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will  
 haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father  
 were dead, we would be all kings.

Ioh.Old. He is a good olde man, God take him to his  
 mercy the sooner.

Hen.5. Wat Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing  
 I wil do, shall be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office,  
 And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice?  
 By gogs wounds, ile be the bruest Lord chiefe Justice  
 That euer was in England.

Hen.5. When Ned, ile turne all these prisons into sence  
 Scholes, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to  
 main

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Sc. VI.

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28 maintaine them toithall : then I wil haue a bout with my  
 Lord chiefe Justice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses  
 and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that  
 fellow that will stand by the high way side couragiously  
 32 with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow  
 giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me and  
 I will giue him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, so  
 maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

36 Ioh. Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery  
 world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now ?

Hen. 5. To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies be-  
 rie sicke.

40 Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no  
 soner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my  
 head.

44 Iockey. Will you goe to the Court with that cloake so  
 full of needles ?

Hen. 5. Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine  
 owne deulsing, and therefore I wil weare it.

48 Tom. I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning  
 thereof ?

Hen. 5. Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns,  
 til the Crowne be on my head.

52 Ioc. O; that euery needle might be a pick to their harts  
 that repine at your doings.

Hen. 5. Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say,  
 the yong Prince will be a well toward yong man and all  
 56 this geare, that I had as leue they would bzeake my head  
 with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating  
 here so long, I must needs speake with my sather, therfoze  
 come away.

60 Porter. What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court  
 gate ?

Hen. 5

Hen. 5. Heres one that must speake with the King.

Por. The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

Hen. 5. No you rascall, do you not know me?

Por. You are my Lord the pong Prince,

Hen. 5. When goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doe here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will write him in my Tables, for so sone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office.

The Trumpet sounds.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes,  
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen. 4. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the flæte? now truly that man is moze fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no soner out of one prison, but into another, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaye.

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,  
That cometh to speake with you,  
He saith, he must and wil speake with you.

Hen. 4. Who my sonne Harry?

Oxf. I and please your Maiestie.

Hen. 4. I know wherefoze he cometh,  
But loke that none come with him.

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Oxf,

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Oxf. A verie disordered company, and such as make  
 Heire ill rule in your Maiesties house.

Hen. 4. Well let him come,  
 But toke that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your grace,  
 My Lord the King, sends for you.

Hen. 5. Come away sirs, lets go all together.

Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.

Hen. 5. Why I must needs haue them with me,  
 Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,  
 Therefore come away.

Oxf. The King your father commaunds  
 There should none come.

Hen. 5. Well sirs then be gone,  
 And provide me thre Hoyle of Musitians.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen. 4. Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,  
 I know wherefoze thy comming is,  
 Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
 That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and  
 Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:  
 Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
 Will end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I lo, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence  
 of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I tel thee my sonne,  
 that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to  
 my heart, & neuer an ilaf-hole, but it is a hole to my soule:  
 and wherefoze thou bringsst that dagger in thy hande I  
 know not, but by comiecture.

He weepes.

Hen. 5. My cōscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,  
 and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point,  
 That



That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this  
 dagger shall be arme against your life: no, know my be-  
 loured father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said  
 I, an vnworthie sonne for so good a father: but farre be the  
 thoughts of any such pretended mischief: and I most hum-  
 bly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and  
 soueraigne for euer: and with your dagger arme show like  
 vengeance vpon the bodie of that your sonne, I was about  
 say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde  
 slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, swaete father,  
 because I am vnworthie, and those vilde & repobate coun-  
 pany I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer.  
 Pardon swaete father, pardon: the least thing and most de-  
 sire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe,  
 and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischief:  
 Pardõ me, swaet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exe-  
 ter speak for me: pardon me, pardõ good father, not a word:  
 ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice unhap-  
 pie Harry. But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some  
 solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when  
 I haue done, I wil laie me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen.4. Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Hen.5. And doth my father call me againe: now Harry,  
 Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen.4. Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father,  
 But at the request of thee my sonne I wil pardon thee,  
 And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen.5. Thanks god my Lord, & no doubt but this day,  
 Euen this day, I am bozne new againe.

Hen.4. Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a stinking whoze, & a who;son stinking  
 Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

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Enter

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## Sc. VII.

Enter Iohn Cobler running.

4 Iohn. Derick, D. D. Hearesta,  
Do D, neuer while thou liuest vse that,  
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?  
Der. Shées a narrant whoze, and Ile haue the laue on  
you Iohn.

8 Iohn. Why what hath she done?

Der. Harry marke thou Iohn.

I wil proue it that I wil.

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

12 Der. That she cald me in to dinner.

Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,  
She brought me a dish of roses, and a pæce of barrel butter  
therein: and she is a verie knaue,  
16 And thou a drab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?  
Pay, and if be no wozse, we wil go home againe,  
And all shall be amended.

20 Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then ile go home befoze, and bzeake all the glasse  
windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

4 Hen. 4. Come my Lozds, I see it bootes me not to take  
any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure  
me, no not one. But god my Lozds, remember my last  
wil and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my  
Lozdes, I do not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and  
victorious a King, as euer raigned in England.

8 Both. Let heauen and earth be witnesse betwæne vs, if  
we accomplish not thy wil to the uttermost.

Hen. 4. I giue you most vnfained thâks, god my lozds,  
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a slæpe.

He sleepeth.

(Exeunt Lords.

Enter

## Sc. VIII.

Enter the Prince.

Hen. 5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but why doe I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule said I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherein I was begotten, but what shall I do: if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night until the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exc. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Hen. 4. Now my Lords,

Oxf. How doth your Grace saie your selfe?

Hen. 4. Somewhat better after my sleape,  
But god my Lords take off my Crowne,  
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crowne is take away.

Hen. 4. The Crowne taken away,  
God my Lord of Oxford, ga see who hath done this deed:  
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,  
To depraue my sonne, they that would do it now,  
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxf. Here and please your Grace,  
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

Hen. 4. Why helow now my sonne?  
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,  
I had giuen you a lesson for all,  
And do you now begin againe?  
Why tel me my sonne,

Doest

44 **Doest thou thinke the time so long,  
That thou wouldest haue it befoze the  
Breath be out of my mouth?**

Hen.5. **Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,  
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
48 Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time  
Past all recoverie, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my witnesse: and what should I do,  
But with weeping tears lament y death of you my father,  
52 And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it:  
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,  
After your death? but seeing you liue,  
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,  
56 And the happiest man aliuie, that my father liue:  
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.**

Hen.4. **Stand by my sonne,  
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,  
60 For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep,  
And altogether vnmindful of thy comming:  
But come neare my sonne,  
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue,  
64 That none depziue thee of it after my death.**

Hen.5. **Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,  
But if thal neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues.**

**He taketh the Crowne:**

Hen.4. **God giue thee toy my sonne,  
68 God blesse thee and make thee his seruant,  
And send thee a prosperous raigne.  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it.**

Hen.5. **Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,  
72 But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:  
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,  
Let him loke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
76 Or I will pearce him to the heart,**

**Here**

Were it harder then brasse or bollion.

Hen. 4. Nobly spoken, and like a King.  
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne  
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
As euer raigned in England.

L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Hen. 4. Wel my lords, I know not whether it be for sleepe,  
Or drawing neare of drowisie summer of death,  
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,  
Therefore god my Lords and my sonne,  
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
For so sone as my Lord chiefe Justice heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:  
But here comes some of his companions,  
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,  
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice  
Of England.

Tom. Why how, are you broken out of prison?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes,

Ioc. Why what wil become of thee now?

Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkes.

Theef. Harry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, dost think that he wil haue any such  
Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

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Ned.

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Sc. IX.

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Ned. Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,  
 And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long  
 Befoze he come this way:  
 And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée.

Exit Theefe.

24

Ioc. Oh how it did me good, to see the king  
 When he was crowned:  
 He thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
 And his person like vnto a God.

28

Ned. But who would haue thought,  
 That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

32

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace  
 He sent his embassage into France: to tel the French king  
 That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,  
 And Harry of England wil haue it.

Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people beleue,  
 That he was sozie for his fathers death.

The Trumpet sounds.

36

Ned. Gogs wounds, the king comes,  
 Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and  
 the Lord of Oxford.

Ioc. How do you my Lord:

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Ned. How now Harry?

But my Lord, put away these dumppes,  
 You are a king, and all the realme is yours:  
 What man, do you not remember the old sayings,  
 You know I must be Lord chiefe Justice of England,  
 Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,  
 And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beleue  
 The death of your father grieues you,  
 And tis nothing so.

48

Hen. 5. I pray thée Ned, mend thy manners,  
 And be moze modest in thy tearmes,  
 For my vnfeined græke is not to be ruled by thy flattering  
 And

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,  
 So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,  
 Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Loc. Gogs wounds how like you this ?

Wounds tis not so swæte as Husicke.

Tom. I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

Hen. 5. Ah Tom, your former life grieues me,  
 And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer  
 And therfore not vpo pain of death to appzoch my presence  
 By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,  
 It may be I wil do somewhat for you,  
 Otherwise loke for no moze fauour at my hands,  
 Then at any other mans : And therfore be gone,  
 We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my god Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,  
 What say you to our Embassage into France ?

Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,  
 Came by your great grandmother Izabel,  
 Wife to King Edward the third,  
 And sister to Charles the French King :  
 Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,  
 Then must you take your sword in hand,  
 And conquer the right.

Let the vsurped Frenchman know,  
 Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not:  
 For your Country men are willing with purse and men,  
 To aide you.

Then my god Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,  
 That Scotland hath bene in league with France,  
 By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
 I thinke it therfore best to conquere Scotland,  
 And the I think that you may go moze easily into France:  
 And this is all that I can say, By god Lord, *Herbury.*

Hen. 5. I thanke you, my god lord Archbishop of Can-

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And please your Maiestie,  
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,  
88 He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin:  
According to the old saying. (France,  
Wherefoze my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade  
92 For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,  
And conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Excter.

Exe. And please your Maiestie,  
My Lord Embassadoz is come out of France.

Hen.5. Now trust me my Lord,  
96 He was the last man that we talked of,  
I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our answer,  
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.

100 Hen.5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,  
What newes from our brother the French King?

Yorke. And please your Maiestie,  
104 I deliuered him my Embassage,  
Whereof I toke some deliberation,  
But for the answer he hath sent,  
My Lord Embassadoz of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,  
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,  
108 Do bring the Embassage.

Hen.5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges  
Into our presence.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

112 Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
We do learne by our Lord Embassadoz,  
That you haue our message to do  
From our brother the French King:  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,  
116 We giue you free libertie and license to speake,

With



With god audience.

Archb. God saue the mightie King of England,  
 By Lord and maister, the most Christian King,  
 Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie King of France,  
 As a most noble and Christian King,  
 Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content  
 To yeeld somewhat to your vnrasonable demaunds,  
 That if fittie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter  
 The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,  
 And some crownes which he may wel spare,  
 Not hurting of his kingdome,  
 He is content to yeeld so far to your vnrasonable desire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and maister,  
 Thinks to pufte me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yeare,  
 So sell thy Lord and maister,  
 That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,  
 Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:  
 And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And it please your Maiestie,  
 By Lord Prince Dolphin greats you well,  
 With this present.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.

Hen. 5. What a guilded Tunne?  
 I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?  
 Yorke. And it please your Grace,  
 Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?  
 I pray you god my Lord Archbishop,  
 What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And it please you my Lord,  
 A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message.  
 And specially an Embassadoz.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message  
 To a King, the law of Armes allowes no lesse,

Archb. My Lord hearing of your wilfulness befoze your  
 152 Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,  
 Meaning that you are moze fitter for a Tennis Court  
 Then a field, and moze fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.

Hen. 5. My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with  
 156 But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather, (me;

We wil tolle him balles of bzasse and yron,  
 Pea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
 The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.

I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.

160 Therfoze get the hence, and tel him thy message quickly,  
 Least I be there befoze thee: Away priest, be gone.

Archb. I besech your grace, to deliuer me your safe  
 Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

164 Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know,  
 That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,  
 And in steed of my hand and seale,

I will bring him my hand and sword :

168 And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it,  
 And I Harry of England, wil perfozme it.

My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,  
 Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.

172 Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,

For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest  
 French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer  
 These Tennis balles were sent into England.

176 My Lord, I wil y there be prouided a great Pauey of ships,  
 With all speed, at South-Hampton,

For there I meane to ship my men,

For I would be there befoze him, if it were possible,

180 The reuize come, but late,

I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chassing  
 With this French Embassadoz.

Call in my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Enters

Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Exc. Here is the King my Lord.

Iustice. God p̄serue your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

Iustice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why what alle you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my grieffe well.

Hen. 5. Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the  
Fléece, did you not?

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,  
I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,  
Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne  
Out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnwoorthie  
Of so high a dignitie.

Hen. 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnwoorthie,  
Because I thinke you woorthie:

For you that would not spare me,

I thinke wil not spare another,

It must needs be so, and therefore come,

Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Capraine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedie,

Thou must needs serue the King.

Iohn. God maister Capraine let me go,

I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you god maister Capraine,

Be good to my husband.

Cap. Why I am sure he is not too good to serue y<sup>e</sup> King:

Iohn. Alasse no: but a great deale too bad,

Therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

Iohn

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Sc. X.

12 John. Oh sir, I haue a great many shoes at home to  
Cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home againe.

Cap. Tush I care not, thou shalt go.

16 John. Oh wife, and you had bene a louing wife to me,  
This had not bene, so; I haue said many times,  
That I would go away, and now I must go  
Against my will.

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

20 Der. How now ho, *Basilus Mannus*, for an old codpéece,  
Maister Captaine shall we away?

Solonds how now John, what a crying?

What make you and my dame there?

I maruell whose head you will throw the scoles at,

24 Now we are gone.

Wife. He tell you, come ye cloghead,

What do you with my potlid: heare you,

Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her potlid.

28 Der. Oh good dame, here he shakes her,  
And I had my dagger here, I wold wozie you al to pièces  
That I would.

Wife. Would you so, He trie that.

She beateth him.

32 Der. Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?

Go to dame, I will go backe as far as I can,

But and you come againe,

He clap the law on your backe thats flat:

36 He tell you maister Captaine what you shall do:

Wesse her for a souldier, I warrant you,

She will do as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Solunes, who comes yonder?

40 Cap. How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?

Theefe.

Theefe. I truly sir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,  
To serue the King in France.

Der. How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest :

Theefe. I, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Heare you maister Captaine ?

Cap. What saist thou ?

Der. I pray you let me go home againe.

Cap. Why what wouldst thou do at home ?

Der. Harry I haue brought two shirts with me,  
And I would carry one of them home againe,  
For I am sure heele steale it from me,  
He is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,  
Come lets away.

Der. Come maister Captaine lets away,  
Come follow me.

Iohn. Come wife, lets part louingly.

Wife. Farewell god husband.

Der. Fie what a kissing and crying is here ?  
Solwes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe ?  
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base  
Pinded to die among French men ?

Solwes, we know not whether they will laie  
Us in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot traie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord  
high Constable of France.

King. Now my Lord high Constable,  
What say you to our Embassage into England ?

Const. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,  
Until my Lords Embassadors be come home,  
But yet me thinks your grace hath done well,  
To get your men in so god a readinesse,

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For

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For feare of the worst.

8 King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,  
But if the King of England make against vs,  
We must haue thrice so many moe.

12 Dolphin. Tut my Lord, although the King of England  
Be yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so  
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of  
France.

16 King. Oh my sonne, although the King of England be  
Yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde  
By his wise Councellozs.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Archb. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king,  
20 King. Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archb. And please your Highnesse,  
24 He is so far from your expectation,  
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne  
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste quickly,  
Least he be there befoze me, and so far as I heare,  
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie landed  
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,  
28 And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great haste in the meane time,  
Haue you not?

32 Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of  
England take my presents?

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,  
For these your balles of leather,  
36 He will tolle you balles of brasse and yron:  
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,  
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,  
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

40 Con. Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,  
I warrant you,

Enters

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. God saue the mightie King of France.

King. How Messenger, what newes?

Messen. And it please your Maiestie,

I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,

Which is so beset on euery side,

If your Maiestie do not send present aide,

The Towne will be yeldded to the English King.

King. Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still

Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?

My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabant, Pickardies,

And Danes, be sent for with all speede:

And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall

Duer all my whole Armie.

Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,

Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

Dolp. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,

Some part of the battell on me,

I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King. I tell thee my sonne,

Although I should get the victorie, and thou lose thy life,

I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,

And the English men to haue the victorie.

Dol. Why my Lord and father,

I would haue the pettie king of England to know,

That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well my sonne,

But at this time I will haue it thus:

Therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords of England,

No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,

Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

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4 But god my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines  
 With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men,  
 And by that meanes we may the better know  
 How to appoint the battell.

8 Yorke. And it please your Maiestie,  
 There are many of your men sicke and diseased,  
 And many of them die for want of victuals.

12 Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before?  
 If we cannot haue it for money,  
 We will haue it by dint of sword,  
 The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

16 Oxf. I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone,

Hen. 5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would giue me the  
 Cuangard in the battell.

20 Hen. 5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:  
 For I haue alreadie giue it to my vncke & Duke of York,  
 Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

Enters a Herald.

24 Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
 And others of the Noble men of France,  
 Sends me to desie thee, as open enemy to God,  
 Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,  
 28 They presently bid thee battell.

32 Hen. 5. Herald tell them, that I desie them,  
 As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,  
 And as wronfull vsurpers of my right:  
 And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,  
 Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:  
 But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin  
 Here in battell.

36 Herald. And it please your grace,



My Lord and King his father,  
Will not let him come into the field.

Hen. 5. Why then he doth me great iniurie,  
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis together,  
Therefore I haue bzought tennis balles for him,  
But other maner of ones then he sent me.  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,  
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of weapons  
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,  
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend:  
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,  
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe,  
Strike vp the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,  
And me will tel you what me wil do,  
We wil fro one chance on the dice,  
Who shall haue the king of England and his lordes.

2. Soul. Come away Jacke Drummer,  
And fro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the bzaue apparel that the English mans  
Hay bzoth ouer, I wil tel you what  
We ha doue, me ha pzouided a hundzeth trunkes,  
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. Soul. What do thou meane by trunkea?

2. Soul. A thest man, a hundzed shells.

1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, We wil tel you what,  
We ha put fise shilozen out of my house,  
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the  
English mans in.

20 Drum. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall  
 Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil fro  
 At the kings Drummer and Fife,  
 Ha, me ha no god lucke, fro you.

3. Sol. Faith me wil fro at y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Northumberland  
 And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,  
 Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

24 I. Sol. Ha, but Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,  
 Now I wil fro at the king himselse,  
 Ha, me haue no god lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

28 Cap. Now now what make you here,  
 So farre from the Campe?

2 Sol. Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here?  
 Drum, Awá, awá.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

32 2. Sol. I wil tel you what we haue done,  
 We haue bene troing our chance on the Dice,  
 But none can win the king.

36 Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind soz me,  
 And I haue set thre or foure chaire makers a worke,  
 To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly  
 King of England in, that all the people may laugh  
 And scoffe at him.

2. Soul. Oh braue Captaine.

40 Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pittie  
 To see the poore king:

44 Why who euer saw a moze flourishing armie in France  
 In one day, then here is: Are not here all the Peeres of  
 France: Are not here the Romans with their fire hand,  
 Gunnes, and launching Curtlears:

Are not here the Barbarians with their bard hoxes,  
 And lanching speares:

48 Are not here Dickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing  
 Dartes.

The

The Venues with their cutting Glaues and sharpe  
Carbuckles,

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie ?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs ?

Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his skale dzinke, but one moneth,

And alas what wil become of him ?

But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,  
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. Soul. Oh the bjaue apparel that we shall haue of the  
English mans.

(Exit,

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Sc. XIV.

Enter, the king of England and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,  
What company is there of the French men ?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,  
Our Captaines haue numbez'd them,  
And so neare as they can iudge,  
They are about threelcoze thousand hozemen,  
And foztie thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threelcoze thousand,  
And we but two thousand,  
They threelcoze thousand footemen,  
And we twelue thousand.

They are a hundzed thousand,  
And we foztie thousand, ten to one :  
My Lords and louing Country men,  
Though we be fewe and they many,

Fear not, your quarrel is god, and God wil defend you:  
Blucke by your hearts, for this day we shall either haue  
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.

Now my Lords, I wil that my vnckle the Duke of Yorke,  
Haue the auantgard in the battell.

The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,  
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

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24 The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,  
 That they may come fresh vpon them.  
 And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,  
 The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,  
 Will be in the midst of the battell.

28 Furthermoze, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,  
 And the Earle of Northumberland,  
 With their troupes of hozsmen, be continually running like  
 Wings on both sides of the army :

32 My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing  
 Then I wil, that euery archer prouide him a stake of  
 A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,  
 And at the first encounter of the hozsmen,  
 36 To pitch their stakes downe into the ground befoze them,  
 That they may goze themselues vpon them,  
 And then to recople backe, and shote wholly alfogether,  
 And so discomfit them.

40 Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,  
 I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith content.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:  
 And go and prouide quickly.

44 Oxf. I thanke your highnesse.

Exit.

Hen. 5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,  
 And the French making of bonifires, and at their bankets,  
 But let them loke, for I meane to set vpon them.

The Trumpet soundes.

48 Soft, heres comes some other French message.

Enters Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
 And other of my Lords, considering the poze estate of thec  
 And thy poze Countrey men,  
 52 Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?  
 Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now,  
 Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5.

Hen.5. Why then belike your high Constable,  
Sends to know what I wil glue for my ransome?  
How trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis bals  
No not so much as one poore tennis ball,  
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crows,  
Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome  
For my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution.

Hen.5. No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,  
And the resolution of a king:  
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen.5. Then is it good time no doubt,  
For all England praicth for vs:  
What my Lords, me thinks you loke chaerfully vpon me:  
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,  
With me throw by your caps, and for England,  
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.  
Strike Drummer.                      Exeunt omnes.

The French men crie within. S. Dennis, S. Dennis,  
Mount Ioy S. Dennis.

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords come, by this time our  
Swords are almost vrunke with french blood,  
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our  
Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,  
There are of the French armie slaine,  
Above ten thousand, twentie five hundred,  
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:  
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

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Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good  
 Duke of Yorke, and not aboute five or six and twentis  
 Common souldiers,

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,  
 I am heartily sozie, and greatly lament his misfortune,  
 Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,  
 Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,  
 Here comes another French message.

Sound Trumper.

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueroz,  
 The honourable king of England.

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed  
 With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a  
 Herald to kneele to the king of England,  
 What is thy message?

Her. My Lord & maister, the conquered king of France,  
 Sends the long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Herald, his greetings are welcome,  
 But I thanke God for my health:  
 Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,  
 To giue him leaue to go into the field to vield his poze  
 Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister  
 Send to me to burie the dead?  
 Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray the Herald, where is my Lord hie Constable,  
 And those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your maiestie,  
 He was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may see, you will make your selues  
 Sure befoze the victorie be womne, but Herald,  
 What Castle is this so nere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,

Dis

It is calld the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my lordz of England,  
For the moze honour of our English men,  
I will that this be for euer calld the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,  
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald: say on.

Her. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and maister,  
Craves to parley with your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
Witw the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

Herald. Your grace needs not to doubt that.

Exit Herald.

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then, I will come.

Now my lordz, I will go into the field my selfe,  
To vieu my Country men, and to haue them honourably  
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in  
Curtisie, whiles I am Harry King of England.  
Come on my lordz.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,  
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn. But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie  
The King had, to see how the French men were kild  
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a hyaue pollicie.

Enters an English souldier, roming.

Soul. What are you my maisters?

Both. Why we be English men.

Soul. Are you English men, then change your language  
For the Kings Tents are set a fire,  
And all they that speake English will be kild.

Iohn. What shall we do Robin? saith he shift,  
For I can speake broken French.

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Robin.

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Sc. XVI.

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak :  
Iohn. Comnodeuales Monsieur.

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Robin. Thats well, come lets be gone,  
Drum and Trumpet sounds.

Sc. XVII.

Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman,  
and takes him prisoner.

Dericke. O good Mounser.

French man. Come, come, you vill eaco.

Der. O I will sir, I will.

4

Frenchman. Come quickly you pesant.

Der. I will sir, what shall I giue you?

French. Harry thou shalt giue me,

One, to, tre, foure, hundzed Crownes.

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Der. Pay sir, I will giue you moze,  
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword.

French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns  
As will lie on my sword ?

12

Der. I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your  
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and  
the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.

Der. Thou villaine, darest thou loke vp?

French. O god Mounsier comparteue.

16

Monsieur pardon me.

Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,  
Doeest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy throat?  
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French  
man runnes his wayes.

20

Der. What is he gone, make I am glad of it,  
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,  
And then I should haue bæne spilt,  
But I will away, to kill moze Frenchmen.

Sc. XVIII.

Enters King of France, King of England,  
and attendants.

Hen.5.



Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,  
 My coming into this land was not to shed blood,  
 But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,  
 I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,  
 And to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand,  
 My louing brother of England?

Hen. 5. My Secretary hath it writtten, read it.  
 Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England  
 Be crowned King of France.

Charles. A very hard sentence,  
 My good brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France.  
 French King. Well read on.

Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,  
 The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.

French King. Why then you do not onely meane to  
 Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. 5. Why my good brother of France,  
 You haue had it long inough:  
 And as for Prince Dolphin,

It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:  
 Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptorie,  
 My good brother of England.

Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

Hen. 5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches

Charles. I for by this hote beginning,  
 We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles. Well my brother of England,  
 If you will giue me a coppie,  
 We will meeete you againe to morrow.

Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

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Hen. 5.

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36 Hen. 5. With a good will my good brother of France.  
 Secretary deliuer him a coppie.  
 My lords of England go befoze,  
 And I will follow you. Exeunt Lords,

Speakes to himselfe,

40 Hen. 5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappie Harry.  
 Hast thou new conquered the french King,  
 And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,  
 But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
 Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?  
 44 Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:  
 I but I loue her, and must craue her,  
 Nay I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

48 But here she comes:  
 How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,  
 What newes?

52 Katheren. And if please your Maiestie,  
 My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these  
 Unreasonable demands which you require:

56 Hen. 5. Now trust me Kate,  
 I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,  
 For none in the world could soner haue made me debate it  
 If it were possible:

But tell me swæte Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

Kate. I cannot hate my god Lord,  
 Therefore far unfit were it for me to loue.

60 Hen. 5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
 Canst thou loue the King of England?  
 I cannot do as these Countries do,  
 That spend halfe their time in wooing:  
 64 Tush wench, I am none such,  
 But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,  
 As fall in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
 Untill you had related all these unreasonable demands.

68

Hen. 5. Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so  
 Hardly; But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?

Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly  
 With my father.

72

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easily with thee,  
 As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,  
 How saist thou, what will it be?

76

Kate. If I were of my owne direction,  
 I could giue you answer:  
 But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
 I must first know his will.

80

Hen. 5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,  
 I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

Hen. 5. Now before God, it is a swete wench.

84

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,  
 That is beloued of the mightie King of England.

Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?

Swete Kate, tel thy father from me,  
 That none in the world could soner haue perswaded me to  
 If then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

88

Kat. God keepe your Maiestie in god health.

Exit. Kat.

Hen. 5. Farewel swete Kate, in faith, it is a swete wench,  
 But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
 I would so rowse the Tolkers ouer his eares,  
 That I would make him be glad to bying her me,  
 Upon his hands and knees.

92

Exit King.

Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shooes.

Der. How now? Helmes it did me god to see how  
 I did triumph ouer the French men.

96

Enters

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full  
of apparell.

Iohn. Whope Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.

Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scape hardly,  
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

Der. Where you so?

Iohn. I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

Der. But once kild, why it tis nothing,  
I was foure or fise times slaine.

Iohn. Foure or fise times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue bene aliue now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

Iohn. Why what didst thou?

Der. Why I will tell thee Iohn,  
Euery day when I went into the field,  
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose,  
And make my nose bleed, and then I wold go into the field,  
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,  
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,  
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance Iohn.

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn,

I thought I had bene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lustie tall french man,

How he dzew, and I dzew,

How I lay here, and he lay there,

How I set this leg befoze, and turned this backward,

And I kipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no moze there that day,

And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn. Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

Der. I Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst takē my counsel,  
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

I thinke thou halt bene robbing the French men.

John. I saith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell  
To carry home to my wife,

Der. And I haue got some shoes,  
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,  
I would go take off all their shoes.

John. I but Dericke, how shall we get home?

Der. Nay sownds, and they take thee,  
They wil hang thee,  
O John, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,  
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.

John. Why Dericke the warres is done,  
We may go home now.

Der. I but you may not go befoze you aske the king leaue,  
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.

John. How is that Dericke?

Der. Why John, thou knowest the Duke of Yorke  
Funerall must be carried into England, soest thou not?

John. I that I do.

Der. Why then thou knowest wæle go with it.

John. I but Dericke, how shall we do soz to meet them?

Der. Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.

Sirra, thou knowest that in euery Towne there wil  
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and dzinke,

Now I wil go to the Clarke and Seriton  
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,  
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,  
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow keepest a good stint,  
And then I will go dzinke to thee all the way:

But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,  
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog  
By the way?

John. Why what shall we do Dericke?

Der. Why John, ile go befoze and call my dame whoze,  
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

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We

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Sc. XIX

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 We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,  
 Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpets sound.

Iohn. Dericke helpe me to carry my shoes and bootes.

Sc. XX.

Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exerer, then  
 the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of  
 Burgondie, and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,  
 I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answer:

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 Fr. King. I my welbeloued brother of England,  
 We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,  
 But cannot finde that you should be crowned  
 King of France.

8  
 Hen. 5. What not King of France, then nothing,  
 I must be King: but my louing brother of France,  
 I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,  
 When I came last to parley,  
 The French men had better a raked  
 12  
 The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,  
 Then to haue fiered my Lentes,  
 And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,  
 I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.

16  
 Fr. King. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie  
 In this matter,

20  
 But if this please you, that immediately you be  
 Proclained and crowned heire and Regent of France,  
 Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

Hen. 5. Heire and Regent of France, that is well,  
 But that is not all that I must haue.

24  
 Fr. King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.  
 Secret. Item, that Henry King of England,  
 Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,  
 During the life of King Charles, and after his death,

The

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heires for ever.

Hen. 5. Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needs desire.

Fr. King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true  
to me.

Fr. King. Whereas they have not stucke with greater  
Hatters, I know they wil not stick with such a trifle,  
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

Hen. 5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,  
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgon. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,  
Sweare to Henry King of England,  
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,  
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power  
Conning to invade the said Henry or his heires,  
Then I the said Philip to send him word,  
And aide him with all the power I can make,  
And thercunto I take my oath.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Well my brother of France,  
There is one thing moze I must needs require of you.

Fr. King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your

Hen. 5. A trifle my good brother of France. (Paucitie?)  
I meane to make your daughter Quene of England,  
If she be willing, and you therewith content:

How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate. How should I loue th<sup>e</sup>, which is my fathers enemy?

Hen. 5. Tut stand not vpon these points,  
Tis you must make vs friends:

I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue th<sup>e</sup>:  
What wench, the King of England?

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Sc. XX.

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French King. Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the  
King of England and thee, agree to it.

Kate. I had best whilst he is willing,  
Least when I would, he will not:

64

I rest at your Majesties commaund.

Hen. 5. Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France,  
What say you to it?

68

French king. With all my heart I like it,  
But when shall be your wedding day?

Hen. 5. The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.







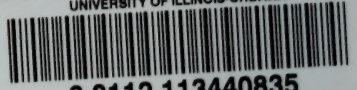








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